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Breaking Down the Walls

BY WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL

He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition; that he might create in himself of the two one new man, so making peace. Ephesians 2:14, 15.

ONE of the joys of this age in which we are living is that there is so much good fighting going on. By a *good* fight I mean an honest struggle between ideals and convictions—a fight for something worth winning, a fight hard but hopeful, calling for courage and offering risks. I mean a conflict such as that which the strange mystic, William Blake, had in mind, when he sang,

> I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's broad and pleasant land.

One of the best of these good fights is that between the wall-builders and the wall-breakers. It is going on all around us, in forums, on platforms, in colleges and churches, in periodicals and books. Which is the better course, the wiser, the safer, the more rational, the more religious, to build walls, or to pull them down?

Certainly the wall-builders are hard at work and are very determined. They have on their side strong sanctions from the past. Does not one of the saints of the Psalter pray fervently, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem"? Up to very recent times men have trusted in walls with an implicit faith. It is only in comparatively recent years that men have ventured to open the windows of sleeping-rooms. It seemed so obvious that security against disease lay behind closed walls and windows. Cities without walls were un-

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thinkable. The unwalled town lay open to attacks from any invader.

Wall-Builders Are Still Busy

The swift development of modern means of destruction has led to lessened confidence in walls of stone and sod and concrete. But the wall-builders are still very busy and very influential. We find them in politics, fostering party spirit, forming groups and factions, defending the necessity of high tariff, fostering policies of exclusion. We find them in society, talking much about superior and inferior races, mistaking the hectic flush of nationalism for the healthy glow of patriotism; refusing citizenship to Quakers and other non-militants. We find them in the church, quick in defense of everything particularistic in creed, and custom; very sure that God sustains a special relation to their own sect or party. We find them everywhere, the wall-builders, the wall-repairers, uneasy if anything that has tended to separate classes, groups, races, and nations, shows signs of giving way; ever building up defenses and armaments, fostering national pride and social tradition, feeling most secure when self, and family, and country, are inclosed within good strong walls that shut out all others.

But the wall-breakers are also busily at work. They are very sure that walls are not only useless, but harmful. They want to take down fences, remove barbed wire, throw the whole world open to the common brotherhood of man. Ultimately, they believe, the fences and the defenses must come down. Let's help on the process.

The wall-breakers are not wholly without sanction in the past. There has been a steady advance in the process of pulling down walls of partition. Time was when every man's house was literally his castle, with moat, and drawbridge, and portcullis. Is a man's house less his own, less safe today, they ask, for having about it only the intangible protection of growing justice and confidence? Time was when the great city felt that its very life depended on the solidity and height of its walls. How many of us realize that what was once a bulwark is now a boulevard; that in Paris, and in other great cities, the main arteries of travel now run where once walls stopped all traffic? The Century Dictionary defines a "boulevard" as "a public walk or street occupying the site of demolished fortifications." It was a fit symbol of the high hopes Dr. Sun Yat Sen had for a new and better day in China, when he had the old wall of Nanking pulled down, and replaced by a boulevard.

The Great Conflict

An increasing number of forward-looking people are coming to see, in the future, a world content to be unwalled and unarmed; safe through trust and good will. They see the great cities of the future secure in the way the ancient prophet saw, when he said: "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation, that keepeth truth, may enter in."

The fight is on between the wall-builders and the wall-breakers; those who would build the bulwarks higher, and those who would transform them into boulevards, trusting in roads rather than walls.

Which side is right?

It is hard to see how one can be a good American and a good Christian, and not believe that on the whole the wall-breakers are right.

We have so largely got rid of walls in the political life of America. Here are forty-eight states, with no tariff barriers between them, no fortifications by which one may be protected against the others. Are they not safer than are the states of Europe with all their elaborate defenses? Some time ago I drove from a town in France to a town in Switzerland. When we reached the border, there was a vexatious delay over passports, property and other things, till one wondered if the trip were worth the trouble. A few months later I drove from a town in South Carolina to a town in North Carolina. We could not tell when we crossed the boundary. Is not our American relation between states better, safer, more secure, than the elaborate system of defenses that obtains in Europe? Let us assume no superiority on that account! God forbid! It is of his mercy that we possess this blessing of unwalled states. But a blessing it is. So is that undefended boundary line between Canada and the United States. Would either country be better, or safer, if there were a wall and soldiers all the way, and battleships on the Great Lakes?

It should be instinctive for an American to trust to open dealing, and confidence, and good will, and mutual agreement, rather than to walls and defenses.

Certainly a Christian should be, on the whole, a breaker rather than a builder of walls. For he follows a Master whose function was to "break down the dividing walls," as his foremost interpreter says.

Christ as Wall-Destroyer

All the Jews, and many of the Gentiles, to whom Paul was writing, knew instantly what he meant by that "inner wall of partition." Across the court of the temple in Jerusalem ran a wall, low in outward form, but unscalable in law, beyond which no Gentile might trespass on pain of death. Paul sees Christ, the Prince of Peace, bringing about peace by breaking down that wall, and letting the two groups mingle, forming "one new man," a brotherhood based on common faith, and far-going good will. Christ has always been doing that. He is the great wall-destroyer of the ages. In him, as Paul tells us, there is no Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus. That is our ideal.

Yet, in order to make progress, there must be no mere blind enthusiasm for an ideal, nor a demand that the ideal be substituted instantly for present and inherited ideas and customs. Somehow we must be able not only to see the star, but to hitch to it the slow moving wagon of social progress. He who only watches the stars will fall into the ditch as disastrously as will the blind.

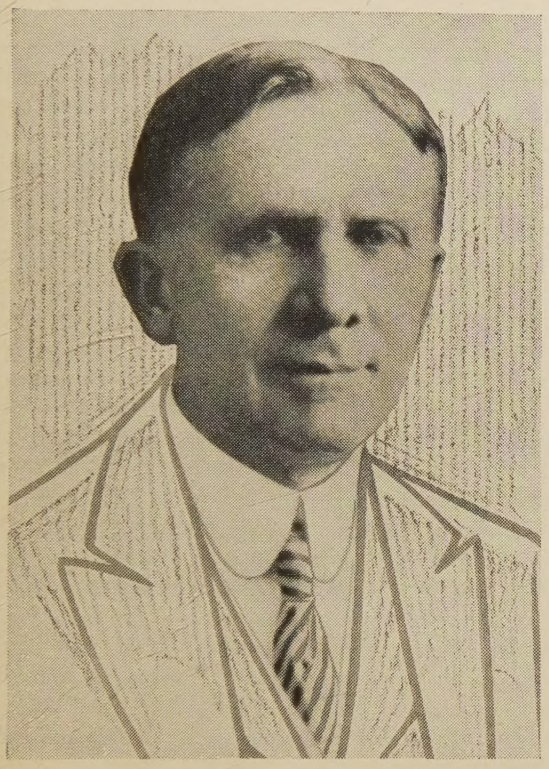
After all, there *are* distinctions, which only a fool will ignore. There is, for instance, a noble truth in Paul's statement that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female; it was something of a triumph for

the Christian spirit that it brought forth such a statement from Paul, whose opinion of woman was not always flattering. But that ideal does not mean that Christianity makes men and women just alike. God preserve us from such a fate.

There are distinctions worth keeping all through our life. It is not a clear issue between walls and no walls.

What can we do wisely to help bring better relations between men, to put boulevards in place of bulwarks, to break down walls and bring in brotherly good will?

The first thing we can do is to believe with all our hearts in the ideal of a brotherly world, a world without walls, or with walls that invite, not repel. The New Jerusalem is depicted as a city with walls and gates; but the walls are ornaments, and the gates are on all sides, and stand open day and night. We must believe that such a state of society is possible here on earth as it is in heaven.



William Pierson Merrill

But it is not enough to believe in the ideal, and talk about it and sing and pray and pass resolutions. A second step is absolutely necessary. We must be ready to use any means at hand, however poor, to take any steps toward the ideal, however short.

It is here that many fail. The practical realists, who are content with things as they are, work no more damage than is wrought by the impractical idealists, who are so dazzled by the gleam of the "far-off divine event" that they cannot help on the slow process whereby "the whole creation moves" on toward it. They are all about us: believers in peace, who will have nothing to do with any program that stops short of absolute pacifism and non-resistance; fervid internationalists, who scorn the League of Nations as a poor makeshift; socialists who oppose every remedial measure because it will delay the coming of the perfect state; devout believers who will attempt nothing until Christ comes; a vast and varied company of men and women, whose common characteristic is that they will do nothing until they can get everything; so set on the best that they have no use for the good.

Practical Idealists Needed

What the world needs is the practical idealist, with his eyes on the stars and his feet on the ground; never losing sight of the ideal, yet eager to use any means of advancing a single inch toward it. What a magnificent picture of such a character is found in the book of Isaiah: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth." There is your determined, inflexible idealist. But note the other side: "The bruised reed shall he not break, and the dimly burning wick shall he not quench." He wants a pen with which to write his flaming messages. He can find only a broken or bruised bit of reed. Will he throw it aside, and wait for a perfect pen? No! See how patiently he mends the broken reed, until it is—not a perfect pen, but one that can be used. He wants a lamp to light his forward way. Here is only a foul wick, burning dimly, giving off more smoke and smell than light. Will he impatiently quench it, and cry to heaven for a pillar of fire to lead the way? Watch him working away at that mean little lamp, until he has it burning brightly. That is the true way to get forward, the way of practical idealism. It is the way of Jesus. He never lowered his standards. Yet he never despised the means at hand. He looked into the faces of dull, mediocre men, and said to them, "Be ye perfect"; and somehow they began to stumble along on the road toward perfection, and he helped them.

The one best, always best, way to work toward a world without walls is, not to go about pulling down walls, but fostering intercourse between people, providing means of bringing them together, that they may come to know one another. That is why I am more deeply interested—more than in anything else outside the life of this church—in the international religious movements in which I have the privilege of playing a part. Their whole aim is to bring people together for peace. Charles Lamb, you recall, once said he hated a certain man. "Do you know him?" he was asked. "No," he answered; "I don't want to. If I knew him I couldn't hate him."

"East Is East, West Is West"

There is always some one ready to quote Kipling's dictum that "East is East, West is West; and never the twain shall meet."

They forget that the poet himself furnishes the right corrective for his momentary cynicism, when he goes on to say:

> But there is neither East nor West,
> Border, nor breed, nor birth;
> When two strong men stand face to face,
> Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Would you work toward a peaceful world, a world without walls? Do all you can to get strong men, from the ends of the earth, from every nation, race, and creed, to stand face to face, to come to know one another. Then the walls will surely crumble—simply from neglect.

I once heard Bishop McConnell use an illustration so vivid and pertinent that I cannot forget it. He said that, when he was a boy, he used to look with awe at the pictures of prehistoric monsters, the ichthyosaurus, the pterodactyl, and the rest. They seemed so immense, so mighty, so heavily-armored, that he wondered how men ever managed to rid the earth of them. Then, as he grew older, and read more, he learned that they were never eliminated by a direct attack. *The climate changed and they died.* "It is the business of Christianity," said the Bishop, "to change the climate so that some things will die."

The Way of Jesus

O men and women, who profess a Christian faith, let us believe in Jesus Christ. He came to bring peace on earth. But not merely by dreaming of it. He changed the climate. He brought men together. In that little band of his disciples, he found room for a political office holder and a radical revolutionist. He made men clasp hands over the walls that divided them. He called Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, freeman and slave, to climb over the fences and fraternize. He lifted their little loyalties into one great loyalty to himself, as head of a universal brotherhood. Will we take his way? There is no other way that promises success.

Robert Frost has a poem entitled "Mending Wall." He tells how every spring he and his neighbor go out to rebuild the old stone wall between their farms. He sees little use for the wall. "My apple trees will not hurt his garden." But the neighbor says, as the nations have always said, "Good walls make good neighbors." As they work, lifting, tugging, replacing the heavy stones which the frosts of winter have tumbled from their setting, the neighbor grumbles, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." And the poet wonders, "Can it be God?"

God Doesn't Like Walls

There are forces, strong forces, that are determined to keep up the walls between man and man, creed and creed, nation and nation. Strident voices cry out that we shall never be safe unless the walls are built high and strong, and kept in repair at no matter what expense.

But something is at work in the world that hates a wall. And that something is God. Christ, in whom we know God, came to break down the middle walls of partition, and to make of the divided groups of humanity one new man, so making peace. And he will not fail nor be discouraged till he has set justice in the earth, and built lasting peace on that firm foundation. When that shall have been done, the walls will come down, because men no longer need or want or tolerate the things that hold them apart. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Which Way America?

By Albert Edward Day

Which way shall I take, sounds a voice in the night;
I'm a pilgrim a-weary and faint is my light . . . .

LIKE the pilgrim in "The Old Wayside Cross," America is standing amid the shadows of many unsolved problems. Her light has grown faint. There are signs of weariness and bewilderment. Will-o'-the wisps dance amid the darkness and are mistaken by not a few as gleams of the one true light, to be followed without further question. Voices also are heard which promise safety and prosperity, if we will heed their advice and turn this way or that, and there are not wanting some in high positions who believe that these voices come from the throat of wisdom or perhaps are the echoes of the voice divine. But rising up before this generation as before every other since Calvary is an old rugged cross, cowled in the lichens of scorn and the moss of forgetfulness but pointing the way to deliverance and peace and safety.

Current Skepticisms

Utter that statement at a council of the angels of the democratic or republican parties as they plan for a presidential campaign, offer it as a suggestion to the economic leaders of America as they assemble to inquire a way out of the bog in which the chariots of business have been floundering for three years, propose it to the sociologists who are studying the problems of the family, and you will find your auditors shifting about in their seats with ill concealed impatience. At best they will consider your proposal the rhapsody of a mystic who loves humanity and who imagines that there is some magic in the word "cross," which will exorcise out of society the demons of want and misery and sin.

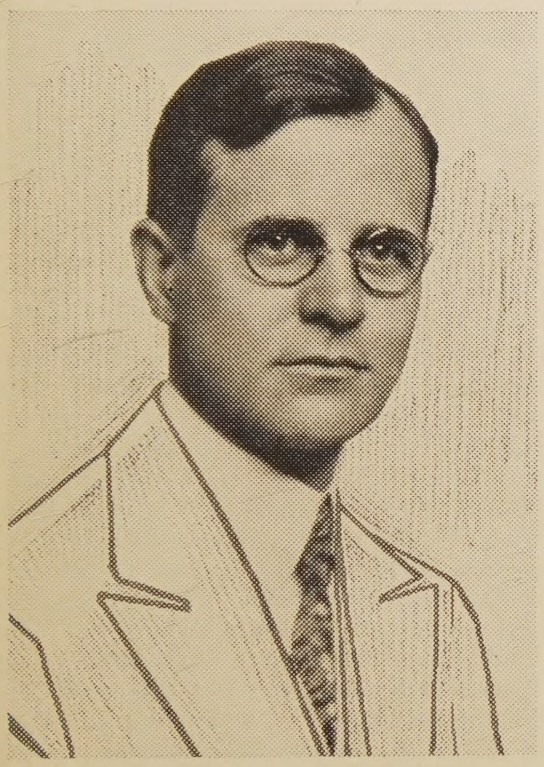
They will say: "We are confronted with practical problems involving many difficult and complex factors—raw materials and raw tempers, shattered confidence and delirious speculation, overproduction and underconsumption, too much government in business and not enough business in government, hoarding in some sections and waste in others."

And having recited the catalogue of technical difficulties which are responsible for our present plight, they will ask you how the cross can throw any light upon matters requiring a skill not yet developed anywhere in western civilization. It seems to them like proposing to save a bank by singing a hymn, or to restore confidence by offering a prayer on the stock exchange, or to start the wheels of industry by quoting verses from the Bible. They see no relation between the problems they have on their hands and the thing they think you are talking about when you speak of the cross.

To some the cross is an event which happened long ago when an impractical idealist ran afoul the humdrum realism of synagogue and empire. They rather

like to think of that splendid young fellow who hung there. His courage and kindness are refreshing even though wasted on an impossible program. The world needs just such men once in a while. They never solve any problems. It would never do to elect them to office in church or state. They would ruin any business in six months. But they do something to us by way of softening our hearts and summoning our latent heroisms. But there is no intention, you may be sure, of adopting the program of such idealists.

There is another group who think of the cross as an event which relates to some necessity in eternity but has no bearing on the perplexities of time. Man went



Albert Edward Day

wrong and deserved a death which eternal justice would have had to inflict upon him unless the demands of justice could be appeased by an equal penalty. Jesus came, and on his cross the penalty was paid. It was a device to help men evade the punishment of their misdeeds but not a principle by which their individual and social policies should be governed. So they "accept" the cross. They sing hymns about it and listen to sermons on it. But having done that, having experienced the feeling of mystery and love which are awakened by the reminder of a penalty suffered in their behalf they ask, "What has all that to do with the problems of modern life? What possible guidance has it to offer to a nation whose business is stagnant, whose credit is frozen, whose political life is perplexed by such revelations as New York city, Pittsburgh, Chicago, or Washington have thrust upon us?"

Perhaps the worst skepticism of all, and the most amazing, is that injected into the situation by a group of younger churchmen who think of the cross as a philosophy of life, as a declaration that the way to conquer evil and eradicate it from society is the way of unselfish love, but hasten to add: "Lovely if true, but untrue. We cannot follow Jesus and get anywhere in the struggle for a better world."

I am thinking right now of a prominent religious leader in America. He is intensely concerned about social questions and has done some vigorous thinking about the difficulties which in these recent months have pressed home upon us with new poignancy. In recent utterances he has declared it hopeless to try to be Christian. To be a Christian means to follow Christ and to follow Christ means to take seriously the principle of unselfish love and he frankly does not think that we will make any social progress by so doing. He sees before us a bitter struggle between the privileged and the non-privileged, between those in control of politics and industry and finance and those who are controlled. He thinks those who have are not going to share more generously with those who have not until they are compelled to. If, therefore, the blessings of property and education and leisure and security are ever to be enjoyed by all of God's children the multitude will simply have to rise up and take them. He hopes that this will be a gradual conquest, without bloody revolution and by peaceful changes in the processes of government and in the control and administration of industry. But he is sure that we have ahead of us unrelenting class war, involving a deep class consciousness and unremitting effort on the part of submerged millions to seize for themselves that which will never be granted as a boon or even as a sheer human right. Therefore he thinks for a long time to come we shall have to be content to be less than Christian. For to him the cross, when interpreted as sacrificial love, points not forward in the direction we should go but backwards to the miseries and life denials of a society whose benefits are for the few.

The Cross and Current Problems

To many therefore in our own time the cross is still a stumbling block. To others sheer foolishness. But there are some of us who believe it to be wisdom and power.

I

In the relationship between man and woman before and after marriage. Albert D. Belden of London said in a recent article: "The sex ethic may yet prove to be the supreme battleground between the church and the world. The world ethic of marriage is shaping itself with apparently no interest in chastity or belief in continence as either desirable or possible." The philosophy that is steadily making its way into the minds of the people all over the land is a philosophy that is wholly selfish. To man it says: "Set desire on the throne. Take what you want when you want it, whether it be a paramour for a day or a succession of wives for longer episodes." To the woman it says: "The ancient guardians set about your chastity are the taboos of ignorance. If you find a man interesting take him. And as for husbands, that is nobody's busi-

ness but your own." The result is a growing promiscuity and a divorce rate that is multiplying four times as fast as the population.

One Book of the Month club has recently broadcast a volume which is being praised by reviewers in glowing paragraphs. "The Fountain" is a well written book. There are pages in it where one thinks he is about to be taken on a great pilgrimage of the spirit. There are paragraphs where he finds his heart beating high in the hope that in the next sentence or two he will be ushered into the secret of life. But when the story is finished, and the reader escapes the spell of rhetoric and plot and the glamour imparted by an old world setting amid castle walls and graceful swans idly floating on private lakes, and asks himself what it is that he has read, he finds that it is a mere glorification of the old triangle; particularly despicable because the interloper takes advantage of the husband's absence in the front line trenches and because when that husband returns from the hell of war, shattered in body and looking for love to restore life again, the interloper and the wife, who could not keep the castle of her own heart, have gone so far on the road of selfishness and disloyalty that they cannot retrace their steps and the husband, guessing their secret, loses all desire to live and succumbs to death. In reality he is murdered by the two who interpreted life as the arena where desire is more important than duty and where vows are forgotten amid the glamour of unsatisfied hearts for immediate answer to unfulfilled longings.

I have cited this book because it is a typical product of the time, a time which is seriously trying to invest desire with dignity and unfaithfulness with glory and which jauntily dismisses self-sacrifice, for the sake of loyalty to vows one has taken, as being an unintelligent and timid way of dealing with a social problem.

To this growing temper of the time the cross seems folly, for the cross is the story of a young man who forgot his own desires and comfort because of his interest in such things as truth, honor and the happiness and well-being of others. The spirit that was in him could never have soiled a woman's soul in order to appease his own body. Nor would it have entangled another's emotions in order to hitch them to the chariot of his own pleasure. If that spirit were regnant in the hearts of our people, men and women would meet each other not on the plane of passion but in the field of intellectual and moral interests. They would interpret their relations to each other in the light of the last human being who might be influenced by what they do.

Which way America? To the left on the path plotted by transient desire and social irresponsibility or to the right on the path of discipline and faithfulness and sacrifice? Is there any doubt that the cross points the way to safety and lasting peace?

II

There is the political mess into which we have floundered. President Glenn Frank has partly characterized it in a recent book: "Our republic began as a government by trusted and uninstructed representatives, but it has virtually become a government by mistrusted and instructed delegates. We began with a theory of responsible government and have gone over bag and baggage to the theory of responsive government." Alas, I fear, we must add, responsive not to the needs of the people but to pressure from organized selfishness. The story of a quarter-of-a-million dollar gift to a mayor from men who are seeking valuable franchises, of hospital bills paid for a member of a public service commission by a company which stands to profit hugely by decisions he may make in its favor, of rackets flourishing in every large city, of bank accounts of office holders growing out of all proportions to salaries received; the decline of confidence in our elected officials, including even our judges, the growing despair of democracy—all of these indicate a situation to whose seriousness only the unthinking can be blind. The only remedy some offer is more selfishness: beer and wine for the racket, wilier propaganda to offset the shameless use of the radio and the ignominy of a large section of the urban press, blocs to counteract the folly of political blockheads, a dictator to defeat the demagogues, more powerful lobbies to meet the menace of weak-kneed legislators.

The Cross, and Government

But the cross has a different proposal. It reminds us that there will never be decent government in America until two things happen.

First, the development among office holders of a new spirit which I cannot better describe than by the phrase "the honor of service." I mean, by that, something like the spirit which makes a surgeon refuse to perform certain operations though a handsome fee awaits his doing it, a banker unwilling to speculate with money entrusted to him though there is a chance of a tidy fortune in so doing; which makes a captain go down with his ship rather than take a place in the lifeboat needed by another; a spirit that feels that the glory of life lies in using public office for the service of all people and handing over its seals to one's successor untarnished.

Second, the development among the people of a genuine patriotism which can think in terms of all who dwell upon our shores, and whether dealing with tariff or prohibition or government ownership will consider not alone its own interest but even more the welfare of America, to make it truly the land of opportunity for all. The most distressing feature of the present crisis is not that a public servant will accept gifts which will bias his judgment but that great corporations will make such gifts and thus set their own narrow concerns above honor and justice and the welfare of all people. As long as we have selfish business we shall have corrupted office holders. The thirst for special privilege is at the root of all civic corruption. What is needed then is a spirit of self-sacrifice for the public good, a spirit that will die rather than betray a trust or oppose its own profit to the general welfare. Is there any doubt that the cross points the way? Government in a democracy will ultimately degenerate into a game of wolves, with all but the strongest going

down, unless the spirit of each for himself is supplanted by the spirit of one for all and all for one.

III

When one approaches the world of industry he encounters a practical philosophy which has for generations assumed that what it calls intelligent selfishness is the only workable philosophy. Let each man seek his own good and inevitably by some legerdemain of economic law he will thereby promote the greatest good of others. So we have capital marshaling to secure its own ends, labor organizing to promote its own interest, the Farmers' union, after "cost plus" for themselves and, if they cannot get it, a "holiday," which will bring the city dudes to their knees. It is the delirium tremens latent in the policy of the strong drink of self-interest.

The cross urges a different procedure. Instead of driving men to madness by keeping for ourselves everything which they do not take away by sheer force, instead of entrenching ourselves behind barricades of law and custom, whether capital or labor or farmer, and defying others to come and get it, the cross summons us to make it our business to open the door to the humblest citizen of the land and to the highest. The Russian revolution was the logical outcome of a policy of unrelenting selfishness. An exiled princess dramatically epitomized the bitter lesson of the revolution when in an appeal in behalf of relief she said to an audience of sleek, well dressed American women, *"Give before they take."*

May God help America to offer to the world a national demonstration of redemption made possible by that sacrificial service of individual to individual, of group to group, of class to class, which is symbolized by the cross of Christ.

Thanksgiving and the Depression

By Burris Jenkins

I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. Philippians 4:11.

CONTENTMENT and thanksgiving, I take it, amount to much the same thing. And it is worthy of note that the writer of this text, St. Paul, shivered in lonely idleness as he wrote. Certainly he was in a deep depression, but managed just the same to be thankful, to be content.

Foolish to tell us not to talk about our depression. We just can't help it. People talk about whatever their minds are full of. Equally foolish to exhort us to spend all the money we've got so as to put an end to the depression. We're just not going to do it, that's all; and we've got good sense about it, too. Foolish, too, most of the superficial diagnoses about the causes of the depression. The thing is worldwide and strikes deep, deeper than all these little explanations and quick remedies.

Meantime, can we join this old prisoner and, at this Thanksgiving time, find causes for contentment? I think we can. I think we shall. Most people seem just about as happy these days as they ever have. Not many will starve or freeze to death this winter anywhere in the United States. Ways will be found to weather through; the theaters and churches, the horse shows and all kinds of games, will be as well attended as ever. I see the people flocking by great crowds to all of these.

Celebrating the Good Things

Thanksgiving is a distinctly American holiday—nothing like it elsewhere in the world. It celebrates no old battle, the fall of no bastile, the birth of no nation in blood and wounds, the anniversary of no great conqueror or statesman, the writing of no kind of declaration of independence or constitutional government; but just the simple, the true, the good things that come to us out of the soil, that we draw out of the soil, that God with his rain and his sun helps us to draw. We have to go back to the old Greeks for anything approaching this holiday, the Greeks with their sense of duty and the eternal fitness of things, as well as with their sense of the divinity overarching us and all our ways. Moreover, we celebrate Thanksgiving in ways peculiarly our own, with basted turkeys and pumpkin pies and all the rich accompaniments. Perhaps we can join Riley in his "Prayer Perfect" and say:

> And with all the needy, oh divide, I pray,
> This vast measure of content that is mine today.

To do that, however, we must first get rid of all comparison between ourselves and other people. Comparison is the root of all evil. You've got something I haven't got. That simple little sentence creates all the envy, the hatred, the enmity, and finally the bloodshed, in this barbarous old world. Why will we do it? Can we ever get over it? Why do we have to have what the other man has? Can't we be content without it? Let's compare ourselves with ourselves and with nobody else. We ride along in a little flivver and come up against somebody with a haughty air driving a big twelve-cylinder outfit all shiny and nickel-plated. Right then warfare begins in our hearts. We would take it away from him if we could. We walk by somebody's big residence with his spreading lawns, or we go to tea and walk over his thick Persian carpet and under the white classic archway between his reception room and his library, and our hearts burn because we don't live in this beautiful place and we would take it away from him if we could. Comparison! The root of bitterness.

Of course, sometimes we can get comfort out of comparisons, because there is always somebody worse off than we are. Somebody suffers more, somebody is more handicapped physically, somebody is even wickeder than we are, and we can take the Pharisee's comfort from that fact; but really that is a futile kind

of comfort and doesn't give us the necessary self-esteem and courage to front our own lives.

The only comparison that does me any good is to compare myself with myself. How do I stack up as compared with a year ago? Have I gone up or down in the scale? Have I less courage or more? Do I know more or less? Have I grown since last Thanksgiving? Have I grown old, that is to say, lost interest in life? Years don't count; it's a question of the lost tang and zest for life that means growing old. I have no right to self-congratulation unless I can compare myself favorably with myself of a year ago. I have no right to envy, and no right to cave in before the experiences of life, unless I have failed to keep up to my standard of a year ago. Most of us, I think, looking at life in this way, can find cause for satisfaction at this Thanksgiving time and can echo the song of Riley:

> And with all the needy, oh divide, I pray,
> This vast measure of content that is mine today.

Another thing we must shake loose from in these days of depression—and why not in days of prosperity, too?—is the dominance of things. Really that's the cause of depression, isn't it, things? Some people haven't as many things as they had a year ago. They are only things, please bear that in mind. They are sheets of paper stamped with certain symbols and called greenbacks, or bonds, or stocks. They are inches, or feet, or acres of mere dirt and called real estate. They are wheels, and belts, and fans, and all kinds of gadgets, and called motor cars or pianos or radios or whatnot. We think we own them or don't own them, but in reality they own us or don't own us. That's the reason we are depressed about their absence. We cannot eat them, wear them, sleep in them or under them. Really it makes no difference to the happy ongoing of our lives whether they are present or not. For the most part, that is literally true. Oh, I know the uses in emergency of those stamped bits of paper. They can upon call tide a man over in serious crises of his life; but for the most part they simply add up to a certain number of figures in a bank book and give a man a little more or a little less power over other people and their services. Most of the time we don't need that extra power, would get on better without it and be far happier.

We find ourselves at this Thanksgiving time saying, "I'm no better off than I was a year ago." Better off? How do you mean? Do you mean you haven't got any more things than you had a year ago? What would you do with them if you had them? Or somebody says, "I'm not getting ahead." Ahead of what? Ahead of whom? You mean you are not outrunning the other fellow in gathering up gadgets. You are not gaining power over the other fellow, to command his services.

Accumulations That Count

The only accumulations that really count, accumulate inside. No business depression can take those away from us. Memories—we don't need to put those in a safety deposit box, and we don't need to shiver for fear the bank will fail and take them away from us. They are there forever. And how those memories come crowding up at Thanksgiving time, from the days of our childhood, the old home, the old faces, the old feasts and celebrations. The loves that you have inside of you—nothing on earth and maybe nothing in heaven or hell can ever take those away from you. Depressions cannot hit them and destroy them. Even the death or disappearance of those whom you have loved cannot rob you of the sweet possession. Mothers, fathers, husbands and wives, children,

Burris Jenkins

friends, that stranger to whom you never spoke in your life but whose face you have often seen with calm courage written on it or with its happy laughter. No hard times can destroy or rob you of any tenderness of friendship and affection that has grown inside of you, or any beauty that you have seen and recorded forever in your soul, these autumn hillsides, the sumac flaming along the hedge. Oh, you don't have to go to the Canadian Rockies nor to Switzerland to find beauty. Drive along any one of our streets, and look at the interlaced branches of the elm trees over your head, bare in the winter, green in the summer, eternally changing and never the same, God's original cathedral. Beauty is spread all round us and we can grow it inside of us. That is the sort of thing worth accumulating; and with great stores of it laid up in the bins and granaries inside we can honestly join in Riley's Thanksgiving:

> And with all the needy, oh divide, I pray,
> This vast measure of content that is mine today.

One other thing to shake loose from—so easy to say, so hard to do—is human fear. After all, fear lies at the base of nearly all our inhibitions, our inability to give thanks upon Thanksgiving day, our doubting and questioning as to whether life is worth while or has any purpose or goal. Fear stands as the great enemy of all creatures and of all mankind. The inability to live in the present moment, the constant projection of ourselves into the future, the dread of tomorrow, the regret that we did not do differently yesterday and so forfend against the danger of another day, the ghosts we conjure up to threaten the footsteps of the future—this is the constant shadowy army that marches in the woods round all of us. Often they never materialize but remain only wraiths. None the less, we never learn. We still keep giving them body and strength to threaten our way. We fear we shall lose our jobs, but somehow we don't. Or if we do, somehow another shows up. Or if it doesn't, somehow we manage to eat. We fear this slight pain will develop into a terrible disease. But somehow it doesn't. Or if it does, somehow we meet it. We fear we shall not meet our bills, but somehow we do. Or somehow we gain leniency from those who hold bills against us.

Fearing the Worst

Perhaps the only way to banish these fears is in imagination boldly to face them and their possible results. Suppose this disease develops into incurable and unbearable pain. Good physicians will take care of us and give us an anodyne. Suppose we die of it, all well and good. Most of us here today have died our deaths already, so far as the pain goes. It is not death we dread, but pain. There are always ways to meet it. Suppose we grow old and have not a red cent with which to take care of ourselves. Suppose we have to go to the poor-house. I have seen that poor-house, and been in it. It's a good place to live. Just as good as any old folks' home. And for my own part, I've often thought that when I get old, decrepit, and dependent, I'll not bother any of my children to look after me and not have them saying to each other, "Your turn now for the next three months." If I have any money I'll buy my way into one of these old folks' homes. If I haven't any money, I'll go to the poor-house, the county farm, argue with other old men about politics and religion, play checkers, and listen to the radio. Nothing is so dreadful if you come to face it. Just imagine the worst that could possibly happen to you and you'll find yourself equal to it.

I like this much about our modern psychological faiths, like Unity and Christian Science, that they banish at least half of the fears of their votaries. Why can't the rest of us do just as well? If we can't believe in the direct interposition of God in our affairs and his direct and individual protection, we can at least believe in life, its orderliness and its profound harmony, and, putting ourselves in tune with it, banish seventy-five per cent of the conjured-up fears that hedge our way. Then, indeed, we should be able at Thanksgiving time to pray the prayer:

And with all the needy, oh divide, I pray,
This vast measure of content that is mine today.

The opposite of content, discontent, comes from maladjustment to life, disharmony with life. It comes from a constant fruitless effort to be somebody else instead of our own selves, to do something else that cannot be done. Sin is an attempt to realize the absurd, to do the thing that in the nature of things cannot be done. If we cease trying the impossible, cease comparing ourselves with anybody but ourselves, stop hoping for a lot of mere things that cannot add to us but only subtract from us, learn to live on the inside and not merely on the outside, face life fearlessly and take all its issues standing up, we shall then have caught a little of the secret of that lonely and shivering old prisoner in Rome. More than that, we shall have caught and added to ourselves something of the calm placidity, the courageous happiness, and the dauntless bravery of the young Nazarene.

Coming, A New Religious Movement!

By Ernest Fremont Tittle

Seeing it is God that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. 2 *Corinthians* 4:6.

IT has been claimed that "every great religious movement coincides with a new discovery of truth."* This was certainly true of Christianity, which was born of the discovery of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It was this new vision of God that turned Saul into Paul and brought courage and hope to a disillusioned world.

I

In that ancient Graeco-Roman world where "cruelty and sated lust (had made) human life a hell" appeared men and women, mostly of the so-called lower classes, whose lives were astonishingly pure, upright, and kind. Here were people who remained away from the obscene performances of the theater, who refused to witness the sadistic cruelty of the arena. Here were people who cared for the sick and the poor, had words of hope for the sinful and the outcast.

They went everywhere—eastward into Syria; southward into Egypt and the hinterland of Africa; westward into Macedonia and Greece and Rome; northward into Gaul. All over the world they went with a faith which inspired them to labor in love for the good of their fellows.

Gradually they became aware of the fact that in their case ancient barriers were melting away. Read

* See T. R. Glover's "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire," in which I found also the telling quotations from Tertullian which I have cited.

Saint Paul's exulting cry: "There is now no room for Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave, or free man; Christ is everything and everywhere." Note with a smile his old-fashioned dislike of hearing women speak in public gatherings, but also his revolutionary demand, "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the church and gave his life for it." Read that charming letter with which he sent back to his master a runaway slave: "No longer a mere slave but something more than a slave, a beloved brother; especially dear to me but how much more to you as a man and a Christian." Read also that astonishing prelude to his great ode to love. Comparing the growing body of Christ to the human body, he declares: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of you'; nor again the head to the feet, 'I have no need of you' . . . the various members should have a common concern for one another." In that growing body of Christ the various members did develop a common concern for one another. Not in irony but in wonderment an onlooking world exclaimed, "Behold how these Christians love one another!"

Conscientious Objectors of Early Days

But this Christian brotherhood which overcame all national, racial, and social barriers appeared in the eyes of Roman officials to threaten the stability of the Roman state. Its members refused to burn incense before the statue of the emperor, declaring (almost in the exact language recently used by Professor Macintosh of Yale) that their allegiance must be first to the will of God. And some of them refused military service on the ground that their religion required them to be killed rather than to kill. So it came to pass that these wholly inoffensive people, these honest, kind, devoted people were subjected to one of the longest and fiercest persecutions of which history knows. They were branded as atheists, as traitors, and accused of all sorts of unnatural crimes, including the eating of children. They were spied upon by officials, by soldiers, by apparently friendly neighbors. Whenever they met for worship there was almost certain to be a spy present and they could never be sure that they would be allowed to return to their homes alive. Every calamity of whatever sort was blamed upon them. "If the Tiber rises to the walls," writes Tertullian, "if the Nile does not reach the fields, if the skies are rainless, if there is an earthquake, if a famine, if a plague, immediately rises the cry, 'The Christians to the lions!'" They never knew when death would come or what hideous form it would take. Sometimes the condemned was given to wild beasts to be quickly or slowly devoured. Sometimes he was ripped open with hooks, or crucified, or burned. The most merciful fate he could hope for was that of being slain with the sword. And what might be in store for a pure-hearted, sensitive woman is suggested by Tertullian's statement: "Recently by condemning a Christian woman to the brothel rather than to the beasts you admitted that among us a stain upon woman's honor is considered worse than any punishment or any death." It was a very terrible ordeal and it lasted, off and on, for three centuries!

Yet these harried Christians were actually happy. "Children of joy," Barnabas calls them. And Clement of Alexandria writes, "*Praising* we plow, *singing* we sail." And Tertullian declares that "the church is the one thing in the world that always rejoices." Modern scholars who are acquainted with the literature of the period, both Christian and pagan, do not hesitate to say that these early Christians were notably the happiest people in that second, third, and fourth century world. Nor is the reason for their happiness undiscoverable: they believed in God, a God whom they felt able to reverence and trust; they found strength, courage, and peace in Christ, in devotion to whom they were able to overcome conflicting impulses and achieve unity in their own lives; they experienced that pure and contagious joy which human beings always experience in disinterested comradeship and service; and they achieved that extraordinary hopefulness which human beings always achieve when they find something to live for that is greater than self.

Because they chose to die rather than to swear a supreme allegiance to Caesar they were accused of being obstinate; but, as one of them remarked, this obstinacy served to educate the world. Wrote Tertullian: "Every man who witnesses this great endurance is struck with some misgiving and is set on fire to look into it to find what is its cause, and when he has learnt the truth he follows it himself as well. . . . The more we are cut off the more we spring up. The blood of the Christians is the seed of the church."

They were extraordinarily effective, those persecuted but undaunted Christians; and when at last, no less by reason of its own inherent weakness than by reason of the onslaught of barbarian hordes, the Roman empire collapsed, it was they who, during the darkness of a long night, kept faith and hope alive and who, slowly but surely, laid foundations for a new civilization.

II

I have rehearsed an ancient story because I believe that there is value in an historical perspective, especially in a time of crisis and confusion when, panic-stricken, men are likely to recommend and attempt all sorts of desperate, futile measures; and because I believe that we shall soon witness a new religious movement which will sweep over our sad and disillusioned world as the early Christian movement swept over that ancient Graeco-Roman world, bringing spiritual insight, moral vigor, and, therefore, a revival of courage, hope, and happiness. There does seem to be some justification for the claim that "every great religious movement coincides with a new discovery of truth." Notice, then, certain discoveries which may now presage the birth of a new religious movement.

One is the discovery that mechanism in both science and philosophy has shot its bolt. A thoroughly mechanistic interpretation of life and the world is now considered by intelligent persons to be an absurdity.

Another is the discovery that science, like patriotism, is "not enough"; for it leaves us with no scale of

values, no perception of the ends for which we should strive, no vision of those mighty imponderables which are, after all, the most important and significant part of our human experience, and no answer to the haunting question, What is it all about?

We are also making the discovery that nationalism is not enough. According to one report of what happened at the trial of Jesus, Pilate said to the high priests of Israel, "Shall I crucify your king?" and their reply was, "We have no king but Caesar." There are people today in every nation who might truthfully affirm, "We have no God but Caesar," for in actual fact they recognize no sovereignty beyond or

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above the state to which they belong. But the conviction is spreading that nationalism is not enough. During the World war the editor of the London Times wrote: "We have lost our citizenship in the City of God because we have lost the sense of our common humanity. . . . Either we are all citizens of the same City of God and war between us is civil war, a monstrous iniquity, or else there is no City of God and no home for man in the universe, but only an everlasting conflict between creatures that have nothing in common and no place where they can gather and be at rest."

Today we are recovering the sense of our common humanity. We are discovering that we cannot in any nation live as unto ourselves alone, that what helps some of us eventually helps all of us and what hurts any of us eventually hurts all of us. And now, to a degree unachieved by western man since the close of the thirteenth century, we are longing to believe that there is a City of God, a home for man in the universe, a place where men of every nation can gather and be at rest.

We are further discovering that material prosperity is not enough. Looking back to the peak of an apparent prosperity we can now see that even in those days the world in which we were living was not a very happy world but only a very hectic one. We made frantic efforts to have "a good time." We made something called "whoopee" which we thought was happiness but which was, as we now know, but an artificially induced excitement which left us with a headache—and a heartache. Under the increasing strain of making money and spending money our nerves gave way. We became irritable and unreasonable, restless and unhappy. We lost, as, of course, we were bound to do, our vision of God, for not only in the New Testament but in the nature of things it is written, "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." In the service of Mammon, we lost our ethical sense, and our manners deteriorated along with our morals. As the author of "Only Yesterday" reminds us: "Men and women who had had, as the old phrase went, advantages and considered themselves highly civilized absorbed a few cocktails and straightway turned a dinner party into a boisterous rout, forgetting that a general roughhouse was not precisely a sign of the return to the Greek idea of the good life."

We are discovering that money is not enough. And now we know that we ourselves are not self-sufficient, that alone and unaided by any higher Power we shall hardly be able, amid the ruins of our pride and folly, to build a decent and enduring civilization. Attention has been called to the discredited prophecies of our business leaders. Attention ought also to be called to the discredited prophecies of our intellectuals, who, insisting that there is nothing beyond man save his own ideals, boldly announced to the world that God is not only non-existent but unneeded, that we human creatures are abundantly able to shift for ourselves. Today, however, our once confident intellectuals are noticeably less confident. Not a few of them are standing aside in philosophical contemplation of a situation which they lack the faith and the courage to try to improve.

III

If, then, it be true that every great religious movement coincides with a new discovery of truth, we may, I think, confidently expect that a vigorous religious movement will appear before long in our world. When it comes it will, I believe, bear certain remarkable resemblances to that early Christian movement of which we have been thinking. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, nor am I wholly unaware of the risks of prophecy, but I shall venture to make articulate a vision which to my own mind has been growing increasingly clear.

This new religious movement will start with a comparatively few individuals, mostly of humble birth and station, who will somehow recover that vision of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ which in centuries past has once and again brought courage and

hope to a sad and disillusioned world. That vision will deliver them not only from their fear of death (if they have any), bringing to them a renewed assurance of immortality, but also and especially will it deliver them from their fear of life. It will remove from their minds all fear save that of proving faithless in an hour when humanity is being crucified by its own sins and follies. And I see them, much after the manner of those early Christians, spreading the good news which they themselves have discovered, asking someone to walk with them or dine with them and then, in the light of a sublime and creative faith, discussing the whole contemporaneous situation.

"How," asks Carlyle, "did Christianity rise and spread among men? Was it by institutions and establishments and well-arranged systems of mechanism? No! it arose in the mystic deeps of man's soul; and was spread by the preaching of the word by simple and altogether natural individual efforts; and flew like hallowed fire from heart to heart." Similarly, I imagine, will this new religious movement rise and spread among men. Institutions and establishments, well-arranged systems of mechanisms we not only have but must have—I am fully convinced of that. I am also convinced that it is not in and through them that a new religious movement will rise and spread but rather in and through individuals who, untrammeled by institutional red tape and timidity, will go about with a faith which will constrain them to refuse force and violence, whether in the present struggle between nations or in the present struggle between classes, but will inspire them to labor in love for the welfare of mankind.

Enduring Persecution

Naturally they will not be content with things as they are. Who could be who had any faith or love in him? Naturally, therefore, they will undertake by peaceful means to secure such changes as are now imperatively called for in our present social and economic order. They will not fail in their duty or devotion to their own country. They will strive ever to make their own country truly great and really secure. But, taking the position of Woodrow Wilson that a man should be as much ashamed to fail in his duty to humanity as he would be to fail in his duty to his own country, they will resolutely oppose any act or policy of their own country which threatens the welfare of mankind.

It is likely, therefore, that many of them will be called upon to endure persecution. All manner of evil will be spoken against them falsely for Christ's sake. The blame for all sorts of calamities (which they have earnestly striven to prevent) will be laid at their doors. Almost certainly some of them, like Saint Paul, will be thrown into prison, and not a few of them may be subjected to terrible brutalities. During the last war, American conscientious objectors were in some cases "beaten, pricked, or stabbed with bayonets, jerked about with ropes around their necks, threatened with summary execution, tortured with various forms of the water cure. In at least two cases men were immersed in the filth of latrines, one of them head downward! In several cases guards dug their thumbs into the eyes of objectors in order by this form of exquisite torture to make them put on the uniform or obey a military command. . . . A dramatic coincidence occurred in the case of Howard Moore. At the very time that he was manacled like a wild beast in a solitary cell he was awarded the Carnegie medal for bravery in rescuing a woman from drowning at the risk of his own life."*

I anticipate that in not a few bitter and terrible ways history will repeat itself. But this also I firmly believe: As the result of this new religious movement there will presently appear in the lives of increasing numbers of people a new courage, a new hope, and a new happiness. Believing that the glory of God has shown in the face of Jesus Christ, that what dwells eternally at the heart of things is not brute force but love, men will become courageous. They will also become hopeful. And then, as they devote all that they have and are to a cause which they consider to be greater than self and dearer than life, they will develop a kind and degree of happiness comparable to that which in those early Christians led Tertullian to say, "The church is the one thing in the world that always rejoices."

And this, too, I believe: The positions taken by these pioneers of a new religious movement will presently be taken by others, and still others. At least some of the policies which they have advocated will be adopted, at least some of the experiments for which they have pled will be tried, with the result that what is good in the civilization of today will be cherished and preserved, but much which is bad will be done away and in its stead shall spring up the flowers of a new culture, more beautiful by far than the multitude of men have ever witnessed in the past.

*See "The Conscientious Objector in America," by Norman Thomas.

Men of Violence

By Boynton Merrill

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and men of violence shall take it by force. Matthew 11:12.

INNUMERABLE chapters have been written and scores of books are on the shelves of our libraries trying to make clear what is meant by the phrase "the kingdom of heaven." Half an hour's reading in two or three of these books would be enough for almost any of us to become thoroughly confused, for men have interpreted those words in a thousand and one different ways.

I have no intention of trying to untangle and reconcile these varying expositions. I want only to say that for myself I use the definition that lies on the threshold of the Lord's prayer. "The kingdom of heaven?" What is it? "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The kingdom of heaven is present whenever and wherever God's will is done.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," in my heart, there's the kingdom; in your heart, there's the kingdom; in all human relationships, there's the kingdom. And God's will—? It is, for all practical purposes and so far as we human beings are concerned, the living of our lives in obedience to the truest, the noblest, the best that we know or can discover.

Now here is Jesus saying that this kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and that men of violence shall take this kingdom, make it theirs, by force. It is a strange, a most surprising sentence to fall from the lips of the Prince of Peace. It has a strident, warlike ring about it that seems utterly contrary to most of the teachings of Jesus. If it be true that force and violence are necessary to get God's will done, then it seems to me to undermine most of the Master's teachings, to shatter all his gentler preachments.

"Blessed are the meek—; blessed are the merciful—; blessed are the peacemakers; if a man shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; ye have heard it said thou shalt not kill—I say unto thee love thine enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that despitefully use you; whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

There is the traditional, non-resistant, Christian position. There is the teaching of Jesus which has never been proved fallacious on a large scale because it never has, with perhaps one exception, really been tried on any large scale. But when it has been tried on a small scale it has worked. Our homes, churches, villages are built on this position; and it works. But when we get out of these inner circles we find people suddenly believing in, and depending upon force. We get "out in the world" and these teachings are shrugged away, as weak, sickly, anemic, bloodless, impractical, idealistic drivel. I cannot understand why the apostles of violence and armed might have not made greater use of this loophole phrase of Jesus, "The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and men of violence shall win that kingdom by force."

And not only does this sentence seem to be contrary to much of the teaching of the Founder of our faith, it seems also to run counter to many of his acts. His

A Thanksgiving Prayer

By Herbert L. Willett

OUR FATHER, the time draws near when as a nation we are summoned to the fitting celebration of a day of penitence and gratitude. That we have need of the penitent spirit we confess with humbling of heart. Through past years we have trusted too much in the outward good of prosperity and success. We have put our trust too much in money and the things which money provides. We have not taken sufficiently to heart the admonition of our Lord to lay up treasure in the world of spiritual reality, a treasure of which failing banks and fallible or dishonest custodians cannot rob us. Most of us have suffered sorely through the past months. The possessions on which we counted for future security and comfort have vanished. Our resources have diminished or disappeared. Our very occupation has been put in jeopardy or has been lost. Those who have depended upon us for support or aid, relatives, friends or causes for which we are concerned, have suffered through our misfortune.

Yet we have reason for gratitude even in the midst of this unhappy condition. We have learned something of the possibility and the blessing of a more straitened experience. We have been made to share in the hardships of multitudes of our fellow-men for whom in days of prosperity we take only casual thought. If we have actually suffered for the necessaries of life, we can understand with something of deeper appreciation and sympathy the estate of many millions in other lands who never enjoy a competent allowance of food or clothing. We would not lose the value of this comradeship of misfortune. Save us from the tragedy of learning nothing of the basic needs of humanity from this time of depression.

We are grateful for the national and community blessings which are the commonplaces of a people favored as we have been through the years. From war, pestilence and other physical evils which afflict the nations we have been free. And this largely for the reason that the sober judgment of a growing host of mankind has learned to condemn war and all the devices of the militaristic spirit, and to believe in the arts of arbitration and good will. Our men of science have discovered and applied the methods by which the major contagions of history may be prevented. We await with assurance the skill and leadership which shall save the world from future economic disasters, which are as needless and preventable as the physical scourges which have afflicted the race. For all progress toward these objectives we give devout and humble thanks.

But most of all are we grateful for the message and the spirit of our Lord, by which we have been sustained through trying days, and on which we depend for courage and hopefulness for the future. Trusting in that God whom Jesus has interpreted to us, and whom he found a never-failing source of power; the God in whom our fathers trusted, and were not ashamed, we commit ourselves afresh to the divine guidance, and pray that in our personal lives, in our family circles, in our community interests, and in the broader reaches of our national and international affairs, we may have Thy unfailing grace and guidance, Thou Shepherd of our souls and Keeper of all who trust in Thee. Amen.

life certainly was not based on violence. He never called down a legion of angels or led his disciples armed against Rome. He was as non-resistant then in Judea as Gandhi is today in India. He held children in his arms and blessed them—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven." What have children in common with "men of violence"? Yet both are to inherit this kingdom. Peter drew a sword to defend him. "Put up again thy sword into its place for all they that take to the sword shall perish with the sword." He was scourged, spit upon, reviled, crucified—yet "as sheep before her shearers is dumb so he opened not his mouth." And yet this is the man who apparently, once at least, gave force his benediction and violence his blessing. But this blessing of his upon violence—with the exception of the single occasion when he drove the money changers from the temple—is unsupported by his life and it certainly runs counter to the great mass of his teaching.

The Kingdom Demands Courage

What shall we do with it? We need to get the setting. Jesus said these words in the midst of a chapter in which he was speaking in highest praise of John the Baptist, that fiery, fearless prophet who, because his lightning-like words had revealed the vices of those in high places, was then languishing in prison and was soon dead. These words of Jesus are intended to declare that God's will cannot be done, that the kingdom cannot come unless men are brave and courageous and fearless in its service. John, suffering for the kingdom, kindled a fire in Jesus' soul and unloosed his tongue.

His words, paraphrased, are, in effect, these: "John! I'll tell you there's a man who is a man! He is no reed shaken by the wind. He is a man of passionate faith, of tireless energy; every power of his being is spent and spent again that men may know the truth. Look at this John and learn the lesson that the kingdom can never come unless it is loved with consuming zeal and passionate devotion. Your fathers have waited for centuries for the words of the prophets to be fulfilled; you must do more than wait for the kingdom—you must work for it. You go through ancient rites in the temple; but if you are to be followers of John and if you are to be followers of me, ye must be not only hearers of the word but doers also. To do the things needful for the kingdom's coming will demand all you are and have. The kingdom of heaven belongs not only to the patient, the harmless, the trusting, the gentle ones. Its coming will be hastened by and it belongs to the eager, the earnest, the brave, the fearless ones. Boldness for things spiritual, zeal for things righteous, a passionate love for the things God reveals to you as high; these shall be the marks of the men who shall follow me. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and men of violence shall win it by force, but the force is not the force of the sword and fist—it is the mightier force of soul and heart and mind."

This, I think, is the clear teaching, not only of Jesus' words, but also, of his life.

The other night at dinner a keen-minded, fine-spirited girl, a recent graduate of one of our very best colleges, seemed amazed beyond words to discover that I was a Christian minister. She could not understand how any apparently normal, presumably intelligent human being could give his life to a cause that preached supine meekness and abject humility. "Why," she said, "the whole basis of Christianity is groveling before an imaginary God. Its counsels are those of a hypocritical and unmanly weakness. How can you believe in or waste your time with such drivel?" (It's wonderful—the frankness of these boys and girls; and they really do want to know.)

Now many have that same idea, not only of Christianity, but of all religion; and it was against exactly this misunderstanding that Jesus flung up this praise

Boynton Merrill

of vigor and force. The religious people of the world must realize that they have ultimate and ideal goals to proclaim and defend and they must do it with all the enthusiasm and passion they possess.

The kingdom of heaven is not a celestial city with jasper walls and pearly streets which we enter after death; it's not a golden age with the gods walking among men and all living in the lap of plenty. The citadels of the kingdom are within your heart and mine. Again, as far as we personally are concerned, the kingdom is simply the best, the purest, the noblest, the highest we have ever known or dreamed, or striven for. The way to the kingdom lies across that inner Armageddon, our own souls. It comes, and the best is served only when the worst is trampled. It comes, and the pure rises into the ascendancy only when the impure is put beneath one's feet. It comes and the noblest is achieved only when the ignoble is forsworn.

And, my friends, to serve these things and to draw near them, only in our own lives, takes character,

strength, zeal, passion—force. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and men of violence shall take it by force." But, if its central citadels are to be found in the hearts of men, then the outlying country of the kingdom is the world in which we live, and it must "come" both in the world within and in the world without.

Physical Force That Is Not Christian

We are to witness tomorrow a magnificent display of physical force, of armed might.* The skies are to be strewn thick with these amazing birds that men have built. Not one of us but will be awed, stirred, moved by the spectacle, but, even as you are awed by the thundering cavalry of the air, I charge you to remember that every last, least one of them is an engine not of life, but of death. They are designed to *kill*. These tactical maneuvers of defense are based on the assumption that foes are seeking to kill us. Primarily, however, this demonstration is designed to show the taxpayer what he has got for his money (and what a fearful thing it is we have got for our money!) and more especially to win his son who fifteen years from now may be asked to stand behind the guns and before the bullets. It is significant that almost the first official event is a meeting for boys at two o'clock this afternoon on Boston Common. This display is put on to win men emotionally to a regime that, for its very existence, needs to foster trust in and to give a sense of physical power. It seeks to perpetuate the ancient folly of putting our faith in "horses and chariots." And this possession of horses and chariots and deadly gases and airplanes breeds the readiness to use them and that means war.

Tomorrow you are to look upon force, but it is not the kind of force Jesus had in mind and it will not bring in the kingdom. It denies and delays the kingdom. It cannot, however, defeat the kingdom for it is only the modern equivalent of the sword which Jesus condemned, and, if history underwrites any statement of the Master, it underscores again and again and again the declaration that they that take the sword shall perish by it; and that goes not only for men, it goes for nations.

I cannot then, and I will not, let this day pass without deploring and denouncing, with all the force of my mind and violence of my heart, such demonstrations as these as contrary to the best interests of my country, the world, and the kingdom of the ideal.

The Verdict on War

You know how I feel, I am anxious to have you know, in addition, how others, far more in touch with world affairs and far more influential than I feel about it, too. Let me read a few brief excerpts from an address of President Hoover delivered before the International Chamber of Commerce:

> The world expenditure on all arms is now nearly $5,000,000,000 yearly, an increase of 70 per cent over that previous to the Great war. We stand today with nearly 5,500,000 men actively under arms and 20,000,000 more in reserve. . . . We are all signatories to the Kellogg-Briand pact by which we have renounced war as an instrument of national policy and agreed to settle all controversies by pacific means. Surely with this understanding, the self-defense of nations could be assured with proportionately far less military forces than these. This vast armament continues not only a burden upon the economic recuperation of the world, but, of even more consequence, the constant threats and fears which arise from it are a serious contribution to all forms of instability, whether social, political, or economic. . . . International confidence cannot be builded upon fear—it must be builded upon good will. The whole history of the world is filled with the chapter of the failure to secure peace through either competitive arms or intimidation.

So much for those whose concern is economic. The spokesman is not your minister. It is your President of whose soundness of judgment most of you and millions of others were so convinced that he was gladly given the highest office within the power of American citizenship to bestow.

Now I want to quote, for the intellectual giants, the words of the man who George Bernard Shaw, I believe, declared possesses the greatest mind of any living human being, Albert Einstein. Einstein describes himself as and he is a "militant pacifist." Listen to him:

> Those who realize the immorality of war should do their utmost to disentangle themselves from this old idea of military duty, and so become liberated from slavery. . . . Armaments can never be viewed as an economic asset to a state. They must ever remain the unproductive exploitation of men and material. . . . Peace cannot be kept by force. It can only be achieved by understanding. . . . Pacific settlement of conflicts and the international cooperation of intellectuals is not possible until military service and the armies are abolished. . . . I hold that mankind is approaching an era in which peace treaties will not only be recorded on paper but will also be inscribed in the hearts of men.

And he goes on to add, for the benefit of the possibly timid ones who fear imprisonment by their government:

> You need not fear imprisonment, for if you get only two per cent of the population of the world to declare in times of peace, "We are not going to fight; we need other means to settle international disputes," this two per cent will be sufficient—for there are not jails enough in the world to hold them!

And I suggest that we remember, too, the contention of Ruskin who fifty years ago was declaring: "There is not a war in the world . . . but that you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered." Our mothers and teachers can, if they will, shape the minds of our children in such fashion that this stupid folly of mutual murder on a gigantic scale will be perfectly evident to them. When such children come to maturity and power, they will refuse to fall down and worship the professional spillers of blood as supreme heroes, and they will not let the purveyors and proponents of

*See reference to the background of this sermon in "Who's Who" Department.

bullets and poison gas stampede their intelligence or bully them into fruitless slaughterings.

A False Patriotism

I have given you an opinion from the head of our nation, and one from the prince of thinkers, and now from the prince of buffoons—Charlie Chaplin. He recently traveled through Europe and he came back heartsick, reporting that Europe is trembling on the verge of another conflict, and he declares that the cause, as he sees it, is that "greatest insanity of all—patriotism. I yield to no man in my respect for true patriotism, but by "patriotism" Chaplin means, of course, the traditional and accepted patriotism that quotes "My country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, my country!" He means the kind of patriotism that values economic security and advantage above human rights and righteousness. He means the kind of patriotism that treasures political power and prestige above peace, and a thing called "national honor" above life and love and justice. He means the patriotism that is so provincial and stupid that it views everything foreign with alarm and distrust and can conceive of no honorable way to settle differences or secure justice other than bloodshed. He means the kind of patriotism that led a group of "war mothers" in California to protest the presence at a public exercise of little children of other nations. Madame Schumann-Heink, the mother of five war sons, turned to these children of many races and creeds and sang them first a lullaby, then led them in "The Star Spangled Banner," and then she turned to those who would nurse distrust and dislike and publicly rebuked them. Patriotism, like that of these "patriotic" women, is unworthy of intelligent people for it apishly cherishes ancient mistakes and smugly breeds new evils.

This ghastly, grisly, stupid, age-old kind of force and worship of force must go, and for it must be substituted the force of intelligence and good will. We have got to begin to think straight.

The kingdom of heaven (to take the word "suffer" in its usual sense) does indeed suffer from the thinking of violent men and from the more violent dislocation and tragic timidity of all our minds. Haven't we bungled, and groped, and trampled, and murdered and blundered long enough? Aren't we ever going to get free from the hideous folly of it all?

A Moral Equivalent for War

We need men who will, to use William James's great phrase, find a "moral equivalent for war." We must raise up leaders who will set themselves not with swords and tanks and a sky full of planes to wage a war against war, but who will wage the war against war with minds that can see beyond local and selfish horizons, with hearts that can look past inherited and false ideas to the boys and girls who must be cannon fodder unless we, their parents, mend our ways, and with souls that will so desire the coming of the kingdom that we will dare to speak out with the boldness of a John and with the hope of a Jesus.

And this thing will work. It is working in a country that we believe far less civilized and Christian than ours. Gandhi, who is Christlike in his life even as Einstein is magnificent in his mind is, like Einstein, an utter non-resister, and today, almost single-handed, he has brought England to sit by his side and almost at his feet. The force Gandhi has used is the very "force" that Jesus used and praised.

I close with the words spoken to his foes by this frail little brown man who, powerless, is yet far more imperial and impressive than ever was Alexander or Napoleon or Foch:

> I shall not complain if you beat me. I have no bodyguard. God alone keeps vigil over me. Some think me crazy, some a fool, because of my love for my enemies, but it is the very foundation of my whole life's work and creed. I have nothing left to sacrifice. I have no worldly possession. I am a beggar. But the day that India abandons the sacred principle of non-violence, I shall let my fragile body perish. If you say that I am doing harm to India, you have a right to do so; but it is my duty to turn you to the path of affection and truth. I have no weapon against you except love; let none take upon himself the duty of protecting me. God alone can do that.

If this man, single-handed and alone, can rally millions to stand with him and to suffer silently and proudly, and for all the world to see, for the sake of ideals and hopes, what could not be achieved here if we, the professed followers of the Man of Nazareth dared to set our faces like flint, our minds like swords, our voices like trumpets, and our ballots like banners against this vicious, immoral, and useless thing?

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done. Amen.

A Platform for a Christian America

By Walter R. Cremeans

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. Psalm 33:12.

POLITICAL parties who desire to control and govern the nation construct platforms in which they announce to the people of the country the principles on which they stand and the things which they propose to do to cure the ills of society and solve the problems of government. Some months ago we witnessed by radio and newspaper publicity the attempts of the Socialists, the Republicans, and the Democrats to state what they regard as the chief problems of America today and the methods by which they propose to solve them. The committees who write the platforms are theoretically supposed to be groups of experts who deliberate long and seriously over the problems and carefully construct the planks in such a way as to reflect the soberest and most careful thought of the party that proposes to govern the people.

During the past few years the people have been sadly disillusioned with regard to these platforms. In-

stead of actually going to the heart of the problem, it appears that in most instances the purpose is to sound out the wishes of the people in general and say the thing in the platform that means the least and offends the smallest number. After the platforms have been constructed, they are presented to the convention which is made up of carefully chosen representatives of the party from all sections of the country. In so doing they face not only these delegates, but a far more difficult group, the people who sit in the galleries. While the delegates may fairly represent the sentiments of the people in general, the galleries are almost invariably filled with groups of people who represent certain interests. Those who wish to influence the conventions pack the galleries with their own protagonists. When those planks are brought forward in which they are particularly interested, "spontaneous demonstrations" are staged, the like of which cannot be duplicated in the heart of savage Africa. The result is what the New York Times editorially called "puerile pandemonium." It becomes government by the galleries and not by deliberate and careful reasoning by those who are chosen because of their fitness. Speaking of a certain individual, a man said recently, "He seems to be very temperamental." "Yes," replied the other, "as best I can figure, 95% temper and 5% mental." That seems to be about the proportion of mentality used in conventions and often in our government today. Those who howl the loudest are those who get the most attention from so-called leaders.

As Christian men and women today we are under obligation to consider what sort of a platform we propose for modern society. Are we to allow our emotions, our animal appetites, our immediate happinesses, or our personal prejudices to determine our policies of life? Are we to allow the "modern temper," the passing mood of the hour, the hysterical clamor of the propagandist, to determine our policies, or shall we resolve that God is the Lord of the society which we propose and make him the final guide and referee in our thoughts and plans? With this in mind, let us name a few, but by no means all, of the planks that are needed for a Christian society in the present day.

I

We believe in government by enlightened leadership. Henry Adams spoke of the "degradation of the democratic dogma." At the present time there is a degradation of the idea of representative government, says Henry Goddard Leach in the Forum: "Little did the framers of the Constitution dream that we would carry our enthusiasm for representative government so far as to elect men of merely average intelligence to represent us, rather than men of superior intelligence to govern us." As Christian people we believe that we should be governed by the highest and not by the mediocre, and every effort should be made to put into our leadership and into our government the highest possible standards tested by the best minds and experience of our time. One candidate for President, through his spokesman, announced that he was "ready to stand for what the people seemed to want." As Christian people we believe that we should seek the best possible leaders who can give us the government of enlightened minds.

This is not only good democracy; it is good Christianity. Jesus is for us the mind of God and the wisdom of God. We follow him because he is the highest and best we know. While we believe in the equality of men before God, we also believe that those whose mental and spiritual endowments are geared to the Spirit of God have the most power and are most dependable in times of testing and in places where the interests of the people conflict with their own personal interests.

II

We believe in government by law and in the liberty that comes through respect for law. The lines in Katharine Lee Bates' great hymn, "America the Beautiful," illustrate what I mean:

> God mend thine every flaw;
> Confirm thy soul in self-control,
> Thy liberty in law.

America has many lessons to learn about law. She was conceived in rebellion, born in revolution, and her childhood and youth were nurtured along the frontier where law was often of secondary consideration. On many occasions the mob has "taken the law into its own hands" to exact the quick justice demanded by the excitement of frontier life. We have still a considerable journey to go before we come to the place where we are ready to let the law take its course and at the same time demand that the purpose of the law should not be defeated in the slowness and technicalities of its machinery. Referring again to the temper of our time, it can be easily shown that it is freedom from control of the law that most people want, and not the surer and safer control of these laws that come to us out of the experience of the ages. "A metropolitan newspaper calls the roll of the Ten Commandments, showing the laxity of their observance. Of the first, it is said that the worship of Jehovah is below par, that the second is a dead letter, of the third, that the thing forbidden is being done in the best and worst of society, of the fourth, that we do not understand what keeping the Sabbath day holy means; of the fifth, that there is probably less obedience to it in the United States than in any other part of the world; of the sixth, that America leads the world in killers; of the seventh, that the thing forbidden is rather a conventional offense in the United States; that the popular response in the United States to the eighth appears to be 'Oh, Yeah?'; that we should ask the courts about the keeping of the ninth, and that the tenth is 'almost universally violated'." While the above may be overstatement, it cannot be denied that as Christian people we need to re-emphasize our allegiance to law and to the conviction that the law of Jehovah will bring genuine freedom to human society.

III

We believe in free speech, in a free press and in the freedom of conscience, but we strenuously oppose gov-

ernment by propaganda in the interests of predatory groups, classes or minorities. At the present time we are in an hysterical state of mind similar to the early months of 1918 when we lived and thrived on propaganda. We are today "a nation with the jitters and whimpers." The propagandists are having a glorious time and anything that proposes to bring prosperity is accepted on its face value regardless of the truth or falsity of its contents. Conventions have spent more time giving the delegates slogans than solutions. A political party would far rather have a catchy phrase or a popular song than to have a carefully worded economic solution that goes to the roots of our problems. Samples of such propaganda could be collected by the hundreds. Let me give you only a few drawn from the field of prohibition. The following statements of the facts concerning some of these matters were prepared by the Woman's Christian Temperance union and published in the Christian Science Monitor:

" 'Prohibition enforcement costs the country billions of dollars,' they say.

"Total cost of enforcement, 1920 to 1931, $284,156,524; collections from fines and penalties and revenues from taxes on lawful and distilled and fermented liquors, $548,588,884. The net is a balance in favor of the government of $264,432,260)" (Col. Amos W. W. Woodcock, director of prohibition.)

" 'Prohibition has caused an enormous economic loss,' they say.

"Total national wealth in 1914 was $192,000,000,000; in 1931 it was $329,700,000,000." (National Industrial Conference Board, Feb. 20, 1932.)

" 'Repealing prohibition would put 1,000,000 men at work,' they say.

"Government census statistics show that in 1910 (the latest figures available) 84,976 saloon-keepers and 101,234 bartenders, a total of 186,210, were employed. These, together with the 78,592 workers and the estimated 16,500 engaged in allied industries, give a grand total of 281,302 gaining a livelihood from the beer and wine industries in the palmy days of license." (Vol. 2, page 982, U. S. Census of Manufacturers for 1914.)

" 'Beer will bring prosperity,' they say.

"To encourage the return of the saloon or even let up our efforts to control the drink trade will injure every legitimate industry in two ways: The average worker will have fewer dollars to spend for the products of industry; second, the liquor trade will get more of these dollars which ought to go for useful industries." (Thomas Nixon Carver, professor of political economy, Harvard university.)

" 'Beer taxed three cents a bottle would produce $1,000,000,000 a year revenue,' they say.

"To raise this fabulous revenue would require a consumption of 12½ gallons of beer daily by every family in states permitting beer."

" 'Repealing prohibition would permit the government to levy an internal revenue tax on liquor amounting to $2,000,000,000 a year.' So they say.

"Highest liquor tax ever received was $483,000,000 which included a special war tax in 1919. Average year's liquor tax was less than 10 per cent of what wets promise."

" 'Prohibition has lost billions of dollars in taxes to the government,' they say.

"In the first decade of prohibition, although cost of government increased as the country increased, the government paid off billions of indebtedness and reduced income taxes."

" 'Prohibition has increased drinking,' they say.

"The government measured the amount of hops, corn sugar, rye, barley, etc., raised and imported, subtracted the amounts used in known legal enterprises

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and reported the amount of raw material left would make less than a third of the former liquor consumption." (Colonel Woodstock's testimony before subcommittee of House Appropriations committee, Jan. 21, 1932.)

" 'Repealing prohibition would put a million men to work,' they say.

"Department of commerce reported to the senate, January 11, 1932—in 1914 only 86,000 men employed in the manufacture of liquor. 'Increased employment in the brewery industry would take that much away from the soft drink trade and there would be no net gain in total employes of all industries'." (Bureau of Business Research, College of the City of New York.)

IV

We believe in world peace and advocate every possible method of creating international good will and concord. We recognize the fact that our government is a party to the Kellogg Pact and that our signature has been confirmed by the practically unanimous

vote of the United States senate and that we are morally and legally bound to build our international policies around it. As followers of the Prince of Peace we are bound by our loyalty to him to discourage everything that tends to create or provoke war and to support everything that tends to establish good will. The following letter sent by the famous Japanese Christian leader, Kagawa, to the Chinese Christians at the time that his nation was carrying on an aggressive military campaign against China is something for Christians to ponder and emulate:

"Dear Brothers and Sisters, I want to ask your pardon for my nation. Because of what we are doing I can not preach in the name of Christ. I ask your attention to this fact, that even in Japan the majority of the Japanese people were against sending any kind of troops to your country. We Christians are bitterly opposed to it. The day will come when our Christian forces will be strong enough to get the victory over the militarists and when both your nation and mine will be harmonious and peaceful in the name of Christ. We Japanese love China. But unless we become more religious in both Japan and China, we shall never have permanent peace."

V

We believe that the religion of Jesus Christ, sanely and loyally followed, will cure America's ills, give true temper and character to our citizens and provide goals high enough and challenging enough to give a substitute for war, strife, and greed, and the baser profit motives. We believe in tolerance but not in irreligion. Our forefathers separated church and state but not religion and state. In America religion was intended to give the state rulers who would be big enough in soul and mind to rule well. Tolerance in America means respect for minorities but not that minorities should control and block the conscience of majorities. Because a minority wants, for example, to commercialize the Sabbath day, they do not have the right to flaunt and violate the conscience of a majority who want a decent Sabbath.

These are some of the things that we might write into our platform for a Christian America. Our country today is in danger of losing itself by emphasizing the small and the petty. So much attention may be given to little things that we lose our sense of direction and forget our goal. It was said of Canon Barnett that the secret of his greatness in the midst of his problems among the poor in the East End of London was that he never lost his sense of direction. Rufus Jones, the great philosopher at Haverford college, tells us of a teacher who was urging his pupils to play the game of life. One of his pupils protested, "How can we play the game when we do not know where the goal posts are?" In the midst of all the noise of shouting from the galleries, America is in danger of losing its goal. With all the clamor around us, we may do as some of our great football players have done, grab the ball and rush with all our might toward the wrong goal. It is well for us to write indelibly in our hearts the saying of the psalmist, "Blessed is the nation whose god is the Lord."

"But," some one asks, "can we do anything about it? Modern life is controlled by powerful interests and they block every effort that Christians undertake to make our society more Christian." That is true, but it does not mean that the situation is impossible. The Parable of the Sower is a case in point. Many of our seeds are lost, but when one seed does take root in good soil it makes up for the thousands that are lost. I referred above to Canon Barnett, founder of Toynbee Hall and great Christian social worker. A tablet in his memory has been placed in Westminster Abbey. On it are the words which were often on his lips when his work seemed to be frustrated on every hand, "Fear not to sow because of the birds."

Who Goes There?

WHO goes there, in the night,
Across the storm-swept plain?
We are the ghosts of a valiant war—
A million murdered men.

Who goes there, at the dawn,
Across the sun-swept plain?
We are the hosts of those who swear—
It shall not be again!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

The Torch

"TO you the torch we fling";
The challenge yet is heard,
Bequest of fullest sacrifice,
A life-demanding word.
Yet this thought with it comes,
A question tinged with doubt:
Shall we the torch to others pass
Whose light we've let go out?

ARTHUR B. DALE.

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The Pastor and Religious Education

By JOHN M. VERSTEEG

THE story goes that the Salvation Army took to holding meetings in front of the property of a distinguished citizen who was an accomplished drummer. A Christian man, he would every so often stand and listen to the Salvationists. Noticing one day that the lad playing the drum was making a poor fist of it, he spoke to him after the meeting and told him that, if he would come around some day, he would be glad to show him how to handle the drum without causing it injury. The lad gave him a withering look and said: "Say, mister, I'm so glad I'm saved, I don't care if I bust the thing!" Pastors and officials have been, and sometimes still are, so smugly self-satisfied that they have little concern for the educational consequences of their activities. It should, in all fairness, be added that directors of religious education have been known to do a bit of "busting" on their own account, aided and abetted therein by educational experts whose opinion of pastoral intelligence was, in current vernacular, nothing to write home about!

• *The Minister Must Brush Up!*

All that is changing! Here or there some brother, who does not yet know that school keeps, continues to write disparagingly of the pastor and religious education, and there are still pastors aplenty whose disdain for educational technique strains their vocabularies. Both kinds are anachronisms. More of the old-time bitterness appears to me to be left among the relatively few writers in this field than among the rank and file of the regular workers. The situation is infinitely—perhaps I should say incredibly!—improved over what it was ten years ago. In another ten, we shall be much further along. By that time the usefulness of the pastor who does not know educational technique will virtually be ended.

But it is not as a means of protection against the future, but as a present privilege, that the pastor ought to become an alert educator. Probably the saddest aftermath of an era that can never recur is that thousands of splendidly trained young women, persuaded to enter "the new profession," are now out of employment. Many state and county councils of religious education are seriously crippled for workers. All the more call, therefore, for the preacher to brush up on education, and to do it with a will!

Let no one suppose that one's preaching need necessarily suffer from pedagogical ability. On the contrary, preaching gives a man who knows how an unparalleled chance to be an educator, while a grasp of educational

JOHN M. VERSTEEG

technique will make an unwonted contribution to one's pulpit work. The fact that lecturers on homiletics, with singular unanimity, are oblivious to all this, makes the discovery all the more rewarding. Did space permit, we might lament at length the fact that as yet so few well known preachers "go in" for education. Can any man who knows what is going on in the secular schools imagine for a moment that people, a generation hence, will succumb to pulpit oratory in any such pathetic ratio as they do today? No, your preaching will not suffer from your being an educator. But *you* may! Being an educator in the ministry just yet is dangerous. If you steer clear of it, you stand a better chance of getting on. Especially does abstinence from the type of pedagogy presently to be described, tend to popularity. Nevertheless, be it repeated, another decade is likely to see the situation quite reversed.

• *Books That Afford Guidance*

What can a pastor do about religious education?

I have the feeling that his major contribution can be made by so thorough a grasp of the philosophy of education that discriminating direction and correction can be given to the efforts and the concepts of the church school workers. For the most of the religious educational movements of our day are not only geared to the current social order, but pay deference to it! Anything Kilpatrick, Whitehead, Hocking or Counts writes on the philosophy of education may be read with profit. "Religious Education," the stimulating forum of the Religious Education association, will bring you into touch with much that is today being thought and tried. Two veterans, who can not be honored enough, and who represent distinctive viewpoints, have written what appears to me the best studies of religious education in general. "What Is Christian Education?" by Coe, will do any preacher all sorts of good, and in "This New Education" Horne's delightful style leads you right to the heart of the matter. If you are interested in intelligently keeping an eye on the details of your church school, try Frank McKibben's "Improving Religious Education Through Supervision."

If you have a chance for an interview with men like McKibben of Northwestern university, or Franklin of the University of Pittsburgh, or Hamilton of New York university, you may be sure in advance of a sympathetic understanding of the pastoral task.

• *How Training Schools Can Help*

There are other practical things you can do. You can interest yourself in the attendance of your officers and teachers upon county and city leadership training schools, etc. These may not all accord with the latest or best, but they are likely to be at least somewhat ahead of your workers. It will be no small chore for you to overcome the easy syncretism, the social and ethical reaction that infest these gatherings like a plague! Still, they afford you an opportunity to subject your folks to the broadening influence of fellowship with workers from other folds.

On not a few occasions, the adult Bible class has demonstrated how grotesquely the tail can wag the dog! Whatever else these classes may be, they are, speaking generally, anything but educational. No pastor should, in my judgment, teach one. What he

had better do is to organize discussion groups, study classes, conferences or reading circles within his church, or see that they are organized. Harrison Elliott's "Group Discussion in Religious Education" will come in handy at this point, as will Jacks' "The Education of the Whole Man"; while Yeaxley's ponderous but masterful volumes on "Spiritual Values in Adult Education" will go far to convince one of the worthwhileness of this field. And, of course, there is always the alluring attempt to unify the total educational appeal of a church, so that youngsters will in future be spared the spiritual indignities now perpetrated upon them by contradictory and confusing approaches and appeals. But for this, none but heroes need apply!

• *Educating the Church Leaders*

All of this is, however, but a prelude to the unique opportunity of the pastor. He is the one man in a position to educate his officials and his "leading" men. How much many of them need it! They need to be educated in theological openmindedness, in ethical sensitivity, in social perspective, in educational enthusiasm and in ecclesiastical outlook. In all of this they need to be educated *religiously!* Here is one phase of education for which our pedagogical experts, despite their extensive claims, have to date developed no technique. But even if with practice you become adept at this endeavor, the results will seem disappointingly slow. About all you may at first get for your pains is antagonism. Yet results are obtainable, with the ratio decidedly in favor of the younger men.

Here personal chats in a friendly atmosphere will go a long way. Never fail to prescribe a book. But have a care! If the first one you suggest fails of a gripping style, your power of suggestion with that brother is gone for keeps! If you can persuade men of this type to take such a weekly as The Christian Century, it will immensely ease your task. For those who are theologically in the hinterland, Rufus Jones's books are invaluable. His pages drip with religion, and he is a gentleman, even when he writes! Nixon's "The Moral Crisis of Christianity" is such a work as one might safely place into the hands of those who need some ethical toning up. Kirby Page's "The New Economic Order" is the sort of tolerant production in which a capitalist, though a reactionary, need not miss ideas. Sheridan's "New Tendencies in Teaching Religion," though a bit academic, is especially good for the educationally belated. A little book by Dean Charles R. Brown, entitled "The Larger Faith," has been of use to me in promoting the wider view of the church. I need scarcely add that, for every book here cited, several equally worth while are to be found.

I have but a line or so left me, and so much more that might be said! Let me conclude with a reference to the weekly bulletin. That may be used for more than the order of service. Social service commission reports, which laymen simply will not peruse, except in those abysmal moments when the offering is taken up, can be printed piecemeal there. "Little Lessons in Methodism," and "In Protestantism" appeared in succeeding issues. Twice the people were quietly let in on what the preacher had had to do in a single week! Were they astonished? Try it! That little bulletin has possibilities!

QUOTABLE VERSE

Thanksgiving

FOR all things beautiful, and good, and true;
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will
That chastened, tried, and wrought us to Thy shape;
For things unnumbered that we take of right,
And value first when they are withheld;
For light and air; sweet sense of sound and smell;
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen;
For vision of the Worker in the work;
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere;—
We thank Thee, Lord.

JOHN OXENHAM.

The Final Armistice

CHRIST of the glowing heart and golden speech,
Drawn by the charm divine of Thy sweet soul,
The nations tend unto that far-off goal
Whereof the sages dream, the prophets preach.
We shall not always fail; we yet shall reach
Through toil and time that shining tableland
To which Thou beckonest with wounded hand.

Forevermore Thy goodness doth beseech
A warring world to lay its weapons down.
So shall we rest and songs of plenty drown
The wail of hunger, and our bitter tears,
Streaming unstanched through all the dreadful years,
And freely flowing still, shall yet be dried,
When Thou art King who once wast crucified.

FRANK B. COWGILL.

New Dreams for Old

GOD, who through ages past
Guided our human way
Out from the realms of night
Into the fair today,
No gift wilt Thou withhold—
Give us new dreams for old.

All nations claim Thy name,
Yet were they born of hate;
Kill! was their ancient cry:
Good will has come, though late.
Now that war's tale is told,
Give us new dreams for old.

Where battles once raged sore
Lo! Spring is in the air.
O'er all the lands of earth
Hope rears her temples fair,
These days the bards foretold—
Give us new dreams for old.

All men shall brothers be
Throughout the earth.
Love's kingdom dawns at last,
Joy comes at last to birth.
Faith sees an age of gold—
Give us new dreams for old!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

These poems are reprinted from Quotable Poems, Vol. II, by permission.

Who's Who in This Issue

As he testifies in the course of his sermon published in this issue, Rev. William Pierson Merrill has been almost as deeply interested in international religious and peace movements as in the affairs of his own church. For a quarter-century he has been a leader in the activities of the Church Peace union, and can always be counted on in the furtherance of any movement for world brotherhood and good will. His long ministry at Brick Presbyterian church, New York city—from 1911 to date—has been marvelously fruitful; his earlier pastorates were in Philadelphia and Chicago. Dr. Merrill graduated from Union seminary in 1890. Among his books are "Christian Internationalism" and "Liberal Christianity."

Rev. Albert Edward Day *has added* to his pastoral activities, leadership in the field of missions and social service. He has been a member of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, the Joint Committee on Education in Foreign Fields, and the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America; he is president of the Pittsburgh Conference Commission on Social Service. During the World war he served as chaplain. Dr. Day received his education at Taylor university and the University of Cincinnati. Since 1925 he has been pastor of Christ Methodist Episcopal church, Pittsburgh.

Following a brief ministry in the Disciples fellowship in Indianapolis, Rev. Burris Jenkins spent three years at the University of Indianapolis (then Butler college), as professor and president. From 1901 to 1907 he was president of Kentucky university. Since 1907 he has been minister of the Linwood Boulevard Community church, Kansas City, Mo. Several years ago Dr. Jenkins had the unusual experience, for a minister, of publishing and editing the Kansas City Post. Many books have come from his pen, among them "American Religion as I See It Lived."

In the course of his prophetic ministry at the "Cathedral church of Methodism," the First Methodist at Evanston, Ill., Rev. Ernest Fremont Tittle has come to be recognized as in the first rank of American preachers. He has led the Evanston church since 1918, his earlier pastorates having been at Dayton, Delaware and Columbus, O. His education was received at Wesleyan university and at Drew seminary; he was ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1910. During the World war, Dr. Tittle was with the army "Y" in the U. S. and France; he participated in the St. Mihiel offensive. He is a trustee of Northwestern university, and a member of the Federal council of churches. Dr. Tittle's latest book is entitled "Jesus After Nineteen Centuries."

Rev. Boynton Merrill *preached the* sermon on "Men of Violence" on the eve of a "demonstration" put on by the U. S. war department, which had as its purpose to make America "air-minded," Several hundred airplanes were preparing to make New England more aware of the new air wing of the national establishment, on the day following the Sunday on which this sermon was preached in West Newton, Mass. That was many months ago, but the sermon is strictly not out of date. Dr. Merrill received his A.B. from Dartmouth and graduated from Union seminary in 1918. Ordained in the Congregational ministry, he served as chaplain on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, flagship of the Asiatic fleet, for a year. Since 1927 he has ministered at Second Church in Newton, West Newton, Mass.

Having completed his academic study at Lincoln college and Princeton university, Rev. Walter R. Cremeans pursued theological courses at Princeton and McCormick seminaries, graduating from McCormick (now Presbyterian seminary) in 1914. His early pastorates were at Morrison, Ill., and Greeley, Colo. For four years he was Presbyterian student pastor at Colorado State Teachers' college, and since 1921 he has led the Westminster Presbyterian church, Springfield, Ill. He was moderator of the Synod of Illinois in 1929-30.

Dr. Herbert L. Willett *is professor* emeritus of oriental languages and literature in the University of Chicago, and minister of the Kenilworth (Ill.) Union church.

Rev. John M. Versteeg *is minister of* the Walnut Hills-Avondale Methodist church, Cincinnati.

Titles and Texts

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

Willard G. Purdy, Grace Presbyterian, Montclair, N. J. "Our Marching Orders." Exod. 14:15—"Go forward."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

.....

Title of sermon

.....

Text used (Write out the text)

.....

Name of minister

.....

Name of church

.....

Address

Arthur B. Cooper, Presbyterian, Woodhull, Ill. "Star-Gazers and Way-Blazers." Acts 1:11—"Why stand ye looking into heaven?"

Robert A. Lundy, First Baptist, Richford, Vt. "The Adventure of Christian Living." Luke 5:4—"Launch out into the deep."

Thomas B. Roberts, Trinity Methodist, Lima, O. "When Winter Comes." Jer. 8:20—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Carl E. Dawkins, First Baptist, Canisteo, N. Y. "Shall We Be Christians?" Luke 6:46—"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I command you?"

Joseph W. Reeves, Congregational, South Dartmouth, Mass. "Modern Paganism." Micah 5:13—"You must no longer worship things you manufacture." (Moffatt.)

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

IT IS HARD for me to keep from expressing my views on the campaign. Mr. Hoover left me in a predicament when he abandoned the judicial neutrality of the republican plank on prohibition and came out for a change. Somehow I cannot help feeling that his stand on prohibition will not satisfy him any better than it satisfies me. Anyhow, I will not let my resentment at his retreat from prohibition determine my vote, especially when Mr. Roosevelt takes the stand he does. There is no substantial prohibition issue in the presidential campaign. That issue is, henceforth, on the doorstep of congress. I have to think of other issues—of world peace, of the quickest way to economic recovery as a means of getting bread and clothes for the ten million unemployed, of the sinister forces that will be brought into power if Mr. Hoover is defeated, of the amelioration of the whole world situation by removing reparations, intergovernmental debts and the armament race from the international scene. It is my conviction that Mr. Hoover's defeat will appreciably and perhaps seriously disturb the plans and negotiations on all these international matters which are just about to come to a head; and that the business of the country will respond more quickly if he is continued at the helm than if a new captain comes on deck. Mr. Roosevelt seems to be merely capitalizing the general discontent without presenting any radical or constructive alternatives. It is my feeling that a second term for Hoover will be one of the most fruitful four-year periods in our national history. The spirit of the man, and the spirit of his campaign, is that of responsible and serious statesmanship. God knows we need that kind of leadership now.

Electing a President

The Book of the Month

MORAL FREEDOM AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. *By Cyril H. Valentine. Macmillan.* $1.75

FOR any preacher whose mind is awake to the problem of morality in relation to religion, this book will be a little treasure. The author shows how morality demands religion, that it is incomplete and not self-consistent until it has become religious. It finds authority for itself only when it passes beyond itself into a religious experience. Our age is seeking freedom, and is trying to throw off restraints. In the moral life this revolt against convention is issuing in a new servitude—modernity itself has become a convention. There is no freedom for morality except in religion. Only the man who surrenders his will to the will of God is free—he rises above all the codes and conventions; he becomes no longer an imitator, a copyist, a follower of moral styles; he lives creatively, sharing the creative purposes of God. This book has a powerfully Pauline ring about it. It is surprising what orthodox conclusions a thinker can reach without using the traditional supports of orthodoxy. Not all preachers will rate it as I do, but a preacher whose mind works like, let us say, that of Harold C. Phillips, of Cleveland, or Robert Russell Wicks, of Princeton, will eat it up. It will gird him for his pulpit and, if I mistake not, it will revive his interest in the midweek prayer meeting!

A Thought for the Month

THE HARDEST THING to do in this world is to apply to oneself the truth which one so rigorously applies to others. We act as if we were an exception to all the rules, as if the great principles of living were for others, but not for us. We can be stern with others, but how soft and lenient we can be with ourselves! Sin, when we see it in others, is just plain sin, but we give it euphemistic names when it is our own, and we find easy excuses for continuing in it. We can see how hardship and sorrow produce strong character in other men and women, but we rebel against life's disciplines when they befall ourselves. Happiness blooms always on the stalk of unselfish living—we see that clearly in the case of others, but we will not see how our own unhappiness is the result of our self-centered mode of life. We advise youth that there is only one clear path to success, and that is by way of faithfully doing the drudgery of their job, but for ourselves we hope to rise by luck, or "pull" or special favor. We complain that democracy is weak because its citizens do not vote with intelligence and conscience, but we let our prejudices and partisanship and our special interests determine our own vote. Religion, we say, is vital to the stability of the social order, and we take pains to have our children brought up under its influence; we take them to Sunday school, but go on past the church and spend the Lord's day ourselves in pleasure or idleness. The hardest thing to do is to personalize moral truth. We apply it everywhere before we apply it to ourselves. David waxed exceeding wroth at the rich man who had taken the poor man's ewe lamb. He was quite unaware of any guilt on his own account until Nathan looked him steadily in the eye and said, "Thou art the man!" The supremely important need, now and always, is that we shall turn our moral insights inward and quit acting as if we were an exception to the laws of nature and of God.

Making an Exception of Oneself

Charles Clayton Morrison

Every minister needs the

"Comradeship"

of The Christian Century Pulpit

REV. CLIFFORD WESLEY COLLINS, *minister of the Associate Congregational Church, Baltimore, writes:*

The variety and quality of the sermons in the Pulpit cannot but stimulate other ministers to prophetic zeal and efficiency. In a day when prophets are so greatly needed, and at a time when prophets themselves need the encouragement of comradeship and the consciousness that they are not alone, I know of no greater service a "paper pulpit" can render. Many thanks for the help and the inspiration of the Pulpit!

Other Appreciations of The Christian Century Pulpit

I read the Pulpit carefully each month and am sure that I am but one of a host of ministers who receive help from it. I require the members of my homiletics class to follow the sermons published in your magazine. BRUCE R. BAXTER, *Dean School of Religion*, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.

Your periodical is filled with spiritual insights. THEODORE H. THIELPAPE, North Reformed Church, Newark, N. J.

As one who has read the Pulpit from its first number, I am glad to testify to the pleasure and profit which it brings me. The Pulpit clearly demonstrates that the country is full of wonderfully fine preachers —men who have a clear grasp of the Christian message and a forceful way of putting it. C. A. FOREMAN, Community Church, Fontana, Cal.

I want to tell you how much the sermon by William E. Gilroy on "The Love of God"—in the July Pulpit—helped me. CHARLES M. SHELDON, Topeka, Kan.

The Pulpit is vibrant with sound and usable suggestions. The Editor's Page is of front page value. The Title and Text section is interesting and helpful. PAUL V. GALLOWAY, Community Church, Joiner, Ark.

Allow me to express my great appreciation for the stimulation and practical help which the Pulpit is constantly affording me. J. H. MARION, JR., First Presbyterian Church, Caruthersville, Mo.

I greatly enoy and profit by the Christian Century Pulpit. MICHIO KOZAKI. Japanese Independent Church, Akasaka, Tokio, Japan.

The Pulpit has been a companion of my reading table since its first issue. You have done an immeasurable service to liberal preaching in maintaining such a periodical. HOLLAND F. BURR, Oneonta Congregational Church, South Pasadena, Cal.

May I say that without the stimulation of your publications it would be more difficult than it is to overcome sectional provincialism and keep our eyes set afar. Your work is tremendously helpful. BERNARD MCILHANY, First Presbyterian Church, Hartsville, S. C.

I have been reading the Pulpit since its first issue. Few opportunities are mine for hearing other men preach, but in the Pulpit I sit at the feet of the best, and find the experience stimulating and refreshing to mind and spirit. C. W. HARDON, Methodist Church, Oakwood, Mo.

LIKES "THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH"

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, *minister of the People's Church, Chicago, writes to the editor of the Pulpit:*

"I would be untrue to my deepest conviction if I did not express to you my heartiest appreciation for your 'Thought for the Month' in the October issue of the Pulpit. I have never read a better statement of a personal character. It touched me deeply. If you never write another line, this utterance assures you an immortal place. It is better than Channing's creed, and as good as Emerson's."

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